That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trumpe,
The ſpirit-ſtirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife;
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumſtance of glorious warre.
And O ye mortall Engines, whoſe wide throates,
The immortall *Ioues* great clamor counterfeit;
Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iag. Iſt poſſible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be ſure thou proue my Loue a whore,
Be ſure of it, giue me the oculer proofe,
Or by the worth of mans eternall ſoule,
Thou hadſt bin better haue beene borne a dog,
Then anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Iſt come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't, or at the leaſt ſo proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou doeſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorce.
On horrors head, horrors accumilate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation ad greater then that.

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a ſoule or ſence?
God buy you, take mine office, -- O wretched foole,
That liueſt to make thine honeſty a vice,
O monſtrous world, take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
I'le loue no friend, ſince loue breedes ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay ſtay, thou ſhouldſt be honeſt.

Iag. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſtie's a foole,
And looſes that it workes for:
I ſee ſir, you are eaten vp with paſſion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you,

You

You would be ſatisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how ſati
Would you, the ſuperuiſor groſſely g
Behold her topt?

Oth. Death and damnation -- oh

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I
To bring em to that proſpect, dam em
If euer mortall eyes did ſee them bo
More then their owne; what then, ho
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfactio
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this.
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot
As ſalt as Wolues, in pride; and foole
As ignorance made drunke: But yet
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtan
Which leade directly to the doore of
Will giue you ſatisfaction, you may

Oth. Giue me a liuing reaſon, tha

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But ſith I am enter'd into this cauſe ſo
Prickt to't by fooliſh honeſty and lo
I will goe on: I lay with *Caſsio* lately
And being troubled with a raging to
There are a kinde of men ſo looſe of
That in their ſleepes will mutter their
One of this kinde is *Caſsio*:
In ſleepe I heard him ſay, Sweete *De*
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues
And then ſir, would he gripe and wri
Cry out, ſweete creature, and then kiſ
As if he pluckt vp kiſſes by the rootes
That grew vpon my lips, then layed
Ouer my thigh, and ſigh'd, and kiſſed
Cried, curſed fate, that gaue thee to th

Oth. O Monſtrous, monſtrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)